UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY OF SELF-DISCIPLINE
By George E. O'Dell

The Religion of John Burroughs - - - - - - - - - - - - *George L. Thompson*

Education in Soviet Russia — (2) A Supervised Recreation - - - *Percy M. Dawson*

Trumpets on New Horizons

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

From the Basque Country

[An Appeal]
We Have Nothing!
We Are Hungry!

Tragic as may be the position in other parts of Spain—and who would minimize the terror of these months of war—the situation of the northern part of the country cannot be compared with that of other regions, on account of its geographical position, its isolation and the complete lack of food produce, etc. The War Resisters' International has just received the following heart-rending call which we quote in full—we could not more eloquently plead the cause of our friends there. We send out their appeal as it has come to us:

"Everything is lacking here. We have nothing. These are real and sincere statements about life in Asturias. Why tell you that we remember the existence of soap, yarn, oil, etc., as a delightful dream. . . . Why explain the sad pleasure of the child when he remembers with longing the days when he ate white bread? And how can any heart not be touched by speaking of the fatalistic resignation of the mother who puts her children to bed with empty stomachs? Do you know 'the queues' at the restaurant doors, where, when one comes out, starving children ask for a bit of bread, and, if any is left, they devour, rather than eat it? Do you know these things? Why continue? We are hungry. Imagine for one moment the many scenes, the many aspects a village deprived of everything can present. People walk from the towns to the villages, and in the morning on setting out, and in the evening on returning, they create the mournful impression of pilgrims from far countries. Exhausted trampers, they go dragging their feet after a walk of 16, 20 or 30 kilometers, for the most part having eaten nothing. Men who watch the horizon, who look toward infinity with the hope—so far away for them—of once more seeing the face of conscious humanity holding out its arms to them. They struggle with themselves, but already they doubt.... It is not astonishing. They leave home at dawn, and they return in great numbers with nothing to give to their children or old people. A few, a very small minority, have secured three potatoes, two ears of maize, a handful of beans.

"Nevertheless we still believe in Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and we hope that one day these sentiments will reign over the whole world. We will continue to believe in these principles and we will work for them until we can salute with pride and emotion the New World which we already perceive in the future, and for which we wait.

"If, in spite of all, we die, we shall live all the same, because our memory

(*Continued on Page* 212)

important, however, than the fact indubitably set forth in the *American Magazine* article, is the analysis of the causes of this fact. These are listed under five headings, as follows:

> "The church, as a center of charity, has been replaced by secular, civic, and county chest funds administered by business men and social workers. A vast part of relief has been taken over by the government.
>
> "The church, as a foundation of healing, has been replaced by the science of medicine.
>
> "The church, which once exorcised devils from the mind and restored tranquility of soul, is being replaced by gland specialists, dietitians, psychiatrists, and psychologists.
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> "The church, once the cradle of education and founder of many colleges, is no longer the keeper of knowledge and the source of education. Modern science springs from the laboratory.
>
> "Great art and music, once inspired by the church are now secular and, for the most part, have nothing to do with organized religion."

That the churches are destined to survive, we have no doubt. But the religion which they profess and practice will be as different from the traditional religion of Protestantism as this present age is different from the Middle Ages.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SPORT

We get a great "kick" out of baseball. We always see a game when we can, we know the players better than we know Congressmen; and this season of the year we read the baseball stories more carefully than the European despatches. This is partly, we suppose, the result of tradition and training, for the love of baseball has long run in our family, and 'way back in the days of Anson, and Dan Brouthers, and "King" Kelly, we were a "fan." But our passion is also, we like to think, the result of genuine conviction. This great game, like English cricket, is fundamentally healthy. It is commercial, to be sure—just as the theatre is commercial. But as the theatre, even so, is a field productive of high dramatic art, so baseball on the whole is productive of sportsmanship in the truest sense of the word. Its popular appeal is one of the enduring wonders of the age, and in its essence fine, and also unique. We know of no other widely popular pastime which is not, in comparison with baseball, vicious. Thus, football is largely "ballyhoo," and tainted with an hypocrisy which makes its "amateur" players and huge gate receipts one of the supreme scandals of the age. Automobile racing, which draws the largest crowds in the country, is nothing more nor less than the modern version of the old Roman arena spectacles, which derived their excitement from anticipated horror. Horse racing is of course nothing but a gambling device. Prize fighting is sheer brutality, sustained not only by gambling, but now by the sham patronage of politics and society. Golf and tennis and yachting, while occupying large space in the newspapers, hold the interest not of the public generally, but of highly selective groups of people. No, baseball stands alone in reaching the masses in the sole basis of its appeal as a matchless game. The artistry of its players is of supreme quality. The integrity of its management is today beyond all challenge. And the delight of the crowds, gathering by the thousands day after day, all summer long, to witness their heroes battling their way to the final climax of the World Series, is a spectacle to gladden and reassure the heart. So long as baseball remains what it is, we shall refuse to despair of the American people.

The New Psychology of Self-Discipline*

GEORGE E. O'DELL

Dr. Henry C. Link, of Columbia University, has written a little book which has become a "best-seller," called *The Return to Religion*. Really it is a book about self-development by means of self-discipline along unselfish lines. You are, for instance, a self-centered, bored and not very happy person. Very well, says Dr. Link, play ping-pong, in which you will have to practice sportsmanship towards one other person at a time; better still, play bridge, when you will have to take a respectful interest at one time in three other persons besides yourself. Indeed, Dr. Link sees more salvation for mildly sick souls in learning to play bridge than in anything else except going to church. And going to church he recommends, half humorously, as being especially good for you if you are the kind of person who would rather not go to church! You will have to sit with other people, and pay attention to some human good of a sort more inclusive than just your own good.

This is not at all a new psychology, but it helps to introduce some important facts which, after being increasingly forgotten of late, are coming to light again because of two striking circumstances. The first circumstance is that for a number of years the psychologists have been studying normal human nature under experimental conditions, and arriving at scientifically proven conclusions about it. For example, it really is true that we are "never too old to learn." Or, again, selfish people are liable to become increasingly stupid, and unselfish people increasingly intelligent. Or there is the fact that we all have much more intelligence and energy hidden within us than for the most part we know anything about. Or the fact that sundry old notions about habit are just bogies, and we ought not to be fooled by them. Suppose you do not sleep well some night, and next day in apparent consequence you are a "wreck"; it may easily be not the absence of sleep that wrecked you but just the worrying about it. Stay up all night some time, when you have a good reason, and prove to yourself that eight hours' sleep every night is not really necessary to you—you have a reserve of useful wakefulness on which you can on occasion call

*A radio broadcast on WQXR, New York City.

ought not to work. The Jews, as usual the chief sufferers, must fight this program every step of the way to that final adoption without which it cannot be put into effect. The first fighting-ground is Parliament, where the initial victory has already been won. Now the fight is transferred to Geneva, where the Mandates Commission must next take action. If the plan is here approved, appeal must then be taken before the League of Nations to the conscience of mankind. This partition proposal is by no means yet alive! If it is at last accepted by the League, then we hope there will begin in Palestine a non-coöperation campaign, by Jews and Arabs alike, which will place at defiance this abominable scheme.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES

We learn from the Nofrontier News Service that opposition to militarism in the Philippines is taking dramatic and decisive expression. It will be remembered that this militarism is pretty bad. Under the National Defense Act, drafted by General Douglas MacArthur, a kind of combination of General Goering in Germany and Major-General Stanley in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance,* an army of 400,000 men is to be organized in ten years, and to this end compulsory military training has been established. What an army of this size means may be seen from the fact that, if we had in this country an army of the same size in proportion to the population, we should have no less than 3,750,000 men under arms. How long would the American people stand for this sort of thing? About as long, apparently, as the Filipinos propose to stand for it. At present there are more than 30,000 young men in the Philippines under arrest and charged before the court for refusing to register for military training under the Defense Act. The provincial jails, we are told, are crowded with these prisoners, and other places —perhaps concentration camps!—have had to be found for them. The problem of feeding the imprisoned recalcitrants has become so difficult that the government has had to resort to the embarrassing expedient of requesting their families to bring them food. Wholesale arrests have now been stopped, for sheer lack of ability to handle the flood. In addition there is the trying problem of desertions *en masse* from the training camps. Even after the boys have been drafted, they won't stay put. More than 900 trainees in three camps broke discipline and went home. In Mindanao, the Moros have revolted against compulsory military training and are in open rebellion against the government. All this is good news! The Filipinos are a docile people, educated in a peculiarly gentle type of Catholic Christianity. They are not adapted to war, and can be ruined by arms. In so far as America has had a hand in this business, it is a thing of shame for us all.

EARHART AND THE RUSSIANS

Amelia Earhart, so tragically lost with her navigator in the Pacific, was probably the last of her kind—the lone adventurer in the air. Her disappearance marked the close of a decade of thrilling and gallant pioneering over sea and continent—begun in 1927 with the unforgettable exploit of Lindbergh—as surely as the arrival of the Russian flyers in California, at the very time when the U. S. Navy was abandoning the search for Miss Earhart, marked the definite opening of the new epoch of sane, scientific achievement. The early flyers had to do their work if the air was to be conquered, as the covered wagons had to cross the western prairies if the West was to be won, and right gallantly they did it. There is something that catches the throat in the spectacle of Lindbergh rising at the start and Earhart falling at the close of an Icarian age which must ever be included among the heroic sagas of the race. But as the covered wagon disappeared before the railroad, so the winged adventurer—the "stunt flyer", if you will—must now disappear before the winged engineer. What does it mean that out of Russia should come the supreme exemplars of the new age of scientific aviation? Is this an accident, a characteristic challenge of Communism to Capitalism, or is it a symbol, so to speak, of new energies released when old hungers are appeased and old frustrations satisfied? It is our conviction that there is quite as much accident as design in any of these things, and that symbols are created from within rather than bestowed from without. But, whatever the meaning, we seem to see enormous significance in the radiant glory of this Russian flight, especially as set over against the dark background of pathos and pity in Amelia Earhart's death. It suggests a logic in human events which itself suggests not only the order of the stars but also a reason at the heart of reality.

THE DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM

The remarkable article in the current *American Magazine,* based on extended and impartial surveys, tells the truth about the plight of the churches. Membership and attendance have both fallen off greatly in recent years—especially attendance. UNITY has emphasized this fact annually in rebuttal of the ridiculous census figures of Protestant church membership and attendance published by interested ecclesiastical sources. According to these figures, increase in church membership is relatively greater than increase in population, and attendance at Sunday services crowds the pews. One wonders where such lying figures are manufactured, and that men can be found to sponsor them! As a matter of fact, apart from certain Fundamentalist areas in the South and West, and except in the case of certain popular preachers, Protestant churches are empty and their membership is steadily declining. More

important, however, than the fact indubitably set forth in the *American Magazine* article, is the analysis of the causes of this fact. These are listed under five headings, as follows:

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*A radio broadcast on WQXR, New York City.

without any harm coming of it. Or perhaps you have worked out a diet, and you are sure you will die suddenly if you dare to depart from it. Once in a while do depart from it. Still better, once in a while eat next to nothing for twenty-four hours. Prove to yourself that you are not an ironclad person; there is elasticity in you, and you can be adventurous with yourself. Habit should be our aid, not our master.

Then there is the second circumstance. The business depression made us all want to find out how to get more satisfaction out of life without having to spend a lot of money on it. In the boom years, when so many people had a great deal of money and a great deal of time in which they could spend it, hordes of them got positively hysterical over their often only imaginary mental troubles, and psychiatry and psychoanalysis were the craze. Now, abnormal psychology has taught us much about ourselves, and the psychiatrists are invaluable. But of course they are concerned with serious mental sickness. During the depression the ordinary psychologists, on the one hand, and the ordinary public, on the other, got into touch as never before. There has been a deluge of books, running into the millions in aggregate sales, which are concerned just with telling you and me how to get more out of life by putting more into it of ourselves; how to be more efficient, and even more lovable, human beings by means of self-understanding, self-discipline, self-development, without any need to depend on Wall Street, or even on a pay rise, in order to find the means.

First, of course, there was Professor Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty;* then came Dorothea Brande's *Wake Up and Live,* Dr. Link's *The Return to Religion,* and Dr. Mursell's *Streamline Your Mind,* which last is an exceedingly helpful study in the ways and means of learning. And more such books are appearing all the time, books addressed to plain people with no psychoses, no agonizing mind pains, but just a wish to get out of the mud of stagnant living and make life better worth while. There were previous books by the psychologists that were meant to be helpful to ordinary folk, but they were not best-sellers, nor were they all written quite as simply.

Indeed, some of the recent popularizing has been perhaps a little crude. For instance, why begin life at forty? Why not at fifty, at sixty, at seventy? For the psychologists now tell us that the grown-up person, almost to any age, can learn only a very little less quickly than the high-school student. Although I am no psychologist, I will hazard the suggestion that the adult may even be able to learn this or that more quickly than he could when he was a child or an adolescent, because he knows better what the subject matter signifies. Were you a fool at figures when you were at school? Get an arithmetic book today, and see if the contents do not now mean so much more to you that in a few weeks you can master what might have taken you twice the time or more when you were a boy or girl at school.

Then I have a bone to pick with Miss Brande. She tells us in her admirable *Wake Up and Live* how at a certain unspecified age she woke up to the fact that in the preceding years she had written only just so many articles, short stories, what not, when surely she ought to have written so many more. She became convinced that she had been dodging manifest duty, and exercising the "will to fail." Perhaps she was. But, years before, could she have written *Wake Up and Live?* Most assuredly not! When she set to work to increase her output and did so, all the previous years went to the making of her new efficiency. Of course she wants to encourage you. But she may happen to do just the opposite. Do not ever let anybody persuade you that your past years are just, in biblical phrase, "years that the locust hath eaten." Miss Brande now pours into her work the result of years of apparent lethargy, but really of acquisition, of unconscious preparation. Count that in what you now undertake you have behind you all that you have been, have done, have brooded over, have repented of; all you have learned by error and folly as well as by wisdom and success.

What is really, in a way, "new" is that the psychologists of the normal are not bothering us about our "unconscious," or about our childhood's "conditioning," or any other of the obscure and difficult things. They are talking about what we may know but not have noticed, about exploring our *conscious* minds, about learning *to do,* and especially about disciplining ourselves. For the disciplined mind is the contented mind. It is also a safer mind. The great American psychologist of a generation ago, William James, was so utterly right when he urged that we should all do at least one disagreeable thing each day. It is, he said, a sort of insurance; when real trouble comes along we shall be more easily able to face it.

There was during and after the War a wave of indiscipline, of running after pleasure as pleasure, of "letting oneself go," of self-expression by mere self-indulgence. And what a crop of discontent, boredom, and misery has resulted! It is among the self-indulgent that most of the divorces occur; it is the undisciplined children who grow up to marry in haste and unmarry in equal haste. The happy life is a self-controlled but not self-centered life. There is perhaps no more unintentionally mischievous figure in America than the mother, bent on seeing her children "rise in the world," who drudges endlessly for them, never teaching them the joy and beauty of service, never asks their aid, never treats her household as a community where all shall learn mutual responsibility, and who lets herself be a doormat over which her children may walk into the heaven of social prestige and vulgar material success. No doubt the father drudges too. But it is the mother who is pre-eminently responsible for making the home a community. The wise mother practises the new, yet old and religious, psychology of gentle discipline in service. Just as soon as little toddling Tommy can regularly bring poor tired father his slippers at the end of the day, as part of his share in the reciprocal life of the home community, she takes care that Tommy shall do so. And if Father says, "But I'm not tired, and anyway I hate slippers," Mother says to him, "Father, you have *got* to wear slippers and love it, for the salvation of little Tommy's soul! Little Tommy must grow up used to thinking of others as well as of himself." Then, too, the wise mother takes care that high-school John and Mary do their share of dishwashing and making beds; and all the class parties and useful social contacts in the world must not be allowed to prevent the disciplines which create the habit of cheerful home thoughtfulness and mutual aid and responsibility.

The loveliest American homes I know are those in which, when there is an informal or even a formal dinner party, one or more of the youngsters of high-school age will, as a matter of course, help the white

or colored maid to serve at table, and feel no embarrassment about doing it. Those young people will be the best sort of husbands and wives and parents later. And they will have put on an armor against the unhappiness which comes to those who have always "had their own way."

Now this apparent digression about mothers and children is not an inadvertent one. It is intended to illustrate the great psychological doctrine that we are all of us either "introverts," living to ourselves, or "extroverts," living in a larger world, or a mixture of both; and that the safe and happy lives are those which are duly extrovert. And we can all, by self-discipline, live our inner life more wisely, and increase our extrovert life endlessly. There is no limit to the extent that we can grow in friendly contact with the outer world, and at the same time add to the stature of our inner selves.

"Unselfishness," it has been wisely said by a great writer, "clarifies intelligence." Read Dr. Link's *The Return to Religion,* and you will find him insisting, as a practical consulting psychologist, on the same thought. Laboratory investigation has arrived at the fact that there is no necessary ratio between intelligence and fineness of character—though perhaps we hardly needed scientific confirmation of that. Both intelligence and character are gifts, and they are separate gifts. We must not have disrespect for some good and kind people if they happen to be less clever than we. And let it be added that there is a mellowness, a wisdom, that comes with the years to the good, even if less clever, people, and, on the other hand, there is a narrowing of the understanding that afflicts those who have thought only of themselves.

Be extrovert, say the psychologists; play ping-pong, play bridge, go to church, join the Y. M., the Y. W. Associations. Live in others, for others, and not just for yourself. Do not be fastidious about your friendships. Develop understanding, forgiveness, helpfulness. Care and work for social progress, not as one soured by grievances and injustices, but as one anxious to help the poor old world out of darkness into the light. Make disciplines for yourself that will help you to grow, to learn, to become more and more of a useful citizen of the world. I am going to suggest to you three specimen disciplines; but please remember that they are no more than illustrations.

One. Let us say that every day you have to ride in a subway train, and that you are one of those people who feel mad if a train has just left the station and you must wait five minutes for the next. Now here is a great opportunity to practice "poise." Do not prance up and down, do not wriggle, do not look down the line for the train not yet in sight, do not straighten your tie at the nearest candy-machine mirror, do not get out your lipstick. Just stand still—not like a wooden soldier on parade, but like a normal human being. Think of the nicest person you know, or of the most beautiful scene you saw on your last vacation, or of some encouraging thing you have heard. And when the train does come in, walk to it with dignity. If someone pushes ahead of you, why worry? Why join the pushers? You will have been for a few very precious minutes governing your nerves, teaching yourself calmness, gaining poise which may help you throughout the rest of the day. You will remember how the New York gentleman said to the visiting Chinaman, "By taking this subway train rather than that we shall save three minutes," and the Chinaman replied by asking, "What shall we do with them?" Now here is a way not to save three minutes traveling but to save three minutes not-traveling so that they may be a most valuable part of your day.

Two. Let us next suppose that you have the luck to get a seat in the train, and that you can see the half-dozen or dozen people seated on the other side. Probably such persons have always been to you just a lot of subway nobodies. But these people are all just as individual, perhaps just as romantic, as you are yourself. If you cannot quite pierce behind the masks they wear, you can at least notice them as individuals, and speculate a little about them. But you must do it with system, you must discipline your mind. Doubtless it is the Sherlock Holmes technique, but you are not looking for criminals; you are going to try something better than that. First, a swift glance (it will get swifter after practice) at each person to single out something in dress or appearance which is different. This man may be shabby but he is clean, he has a feeling for tidiness, for order. That man has too much regard for appearances; his clothes scheme is too head-to-foot, too perfect. This Negro, like most Negroes, has an admirable sense of color in clothes and wears just the right sort of a tie. That woman is in black, but she relieves it very tastefully with the tiniest diamond brooch at her throat. Another woman obviously is one of those who have the sense to wear a hat because it suits them, even though it is last year's fashion and not in the style of this, which might not suit them at all. Here is a man whose face is full of pain, there is another who would pass for a gentleman if only he did not publicly chew gum. And so on. These look like trifling observations but they are a mere preliminary. Now you ask a second question: If you were to be wrecked on an island and had to have one of these persons wrecked with you, which would you prefer? You may at first answer that you would rather die at once and get it over. But assume that you *must* choose. Which would be the best stand-by, the most resourceful, the least likely merely to weep, or whine, or be helpless? Or ask: If one of these men *had* to be my daughter's husband,—assuming that you had a daughter—which one of them would be the least undesirable; or which of the women or girls would not be an absolute tragedy as my son's wife? Again you may want to say, Rather my child should die! But that is dodging. Face up, and force yourself to a conclusion. Again, ask: Which of these people, whom at one time I would not have bothered to look at at all, do I feel is the least selfish; which the most honest; to which would I entrust money if I just had to trust it to one of them? Or again: Which of these people probably come from happy homes? Or which of them seem to need pity, and possibly deserve it? And finally, and a little desperately: Some of these really are very terrible looking people. But suppose I were the mother or the father of the worst, could I not see a redeeming possibility, and what would it be?

Three. Let us suppose you are one of those innumerable people who hardly ever go into a picture gallery, or who, when they do, perhaps once in a year or two, stay until they get a headache. This is all wrong. Go often, and never stay long. I know people who go two or three times a week in their lunch hour into the exhibitions which follow one another during the season at a local picture gallery. My friends go in for twenty minutes or less at a time. Now, if you visit

pictures, you do not have to be an artist, or even trained aesthetically in order to have the right to exercise your mind in making judgments about the pictures. In time you may grow in artistic perceptiveness, but you know now what you like, and what you do not like. Follow that trail and discipline yourself in it; insist on definite and systematic judgments. Here are five which do not require you to understand art, or "values," or the significance of "modernity," or what you please or do not please. Go round each of the rooms several times, not necessarily all times on one visit — indeed preferably not — and question yourself as follows:

First round. If you were to be offered the loan of one of the pictures in this room for a year, to put on your walls, and look at every morning before starting for work, in order that you might be cheered with the thought that life really is after all worth while, which one would you choose? And do not say you cannot make up your mind. Do not leave the room, or each of the rooms in turn, until you have made a decision. That is discipline.

Second round. Some of these pictures, you say, look "queer," and you do not understand them. Do not try too hard—some day you may learn to understand them. But now ask this question: Which of the pictures in each of these rooms shows an artist with poetry in his soul—at any rate what you understand by poetry? Some people like Browning, some Mr. Edgar Guest; and you are entitled to your immediate taste. But you will know the difference between a picture that seems merely factual, merely photographic, and one which has sentiment in it, as though the painter really saw beauty in something and wanted you to see it too, as of course he did. Your notions of sentiment may not be the best, they may even run to the obvious or the sloppy; but make your judgment, and do not be ashamed. You have exercised your mind with a worth while discipline; you are building your mind; some day your idea of poetry in a painting may be finer; but an idea is there now and you have exercised it.

Third round. Which of these pictures shows what you think to be originality; in which does the artist seem to have detected some significance, some beauty you would have passed by if he had not shown it to you,—something in the wet street pavement, the rain-soaked sky, the ruined cabin, the gnarled and derelict man or woman, that now you will yourself see when next you meet with it, as you would not have seen it before?

Fourth round. Take a look at the "queer" pictures again. After all, is not each of these trying to tell you something which the painter does not seem to know how to tell you in any other way? What is it? At least you can try to guess.

Fifth round. Look again at all the portraits included in the exhibition. Almost every portrait is at once a comment on the person portrayed and a revelation of the mind of the painter. Ask this question: Are there any portraits here which show *tenderness,* which indicate that the artist somehow cared for the soul of his subject, had reverence for it, even though perhaps it was in a battered body? Was there the divine grace of love in the artist? I know this quality of tenderness in portraits is very rare, but now and then it is unmistakably to be found.

There is a picture in the Boston Art Museum that I always want to go to see whenever I am in Boston and have the time. It is not great painting, they will tell you; it was done by Rubens when very young, and is of his Master and his Master's wife. But at once you feel how that young man cared for those two people. There is infinite tenderness in the picture, although it is not in the least sentimental; indeed you feel the weaknesses of the Master, as you feel the narrowness in the positive strength of the Master's wife. Again, this love of what the artist has found lovely has gone into a portrait by a woman artist which has been going round the cities—I saw it both in New York and Chicago; it is a portrait of that extraordinary English clergyman who died some time since—J. Studdert Kennedy. Again, as a matter of color values, probably it is a commonplace painting, but there is the noblest kind of sympathetic understanding in it. The man's face is a weird mixture of the spirit of Jesus Christ and that of the great god Pan, but Jesus has mastered Pan.

The other day I was in yet another city and visited an exhibition of portraits, again by a woman artist, of children. To me they all seemed unsatisfactory; the children were too pretty, too much glorified, sentimentalized. But in a corner behind an open door I came suddenly upon a painting by the same artist of a young woman, conventional and commonplace art enough in most respects although not a bit sweetish, but it set me running for a catalogue—usually I do not read a catalogue while looking at pictures, it splits up one's attention. Here was a portrait painted with tenderness, utter tenderness; the young woman was very human, and as full of frailties as you are or I am, but the artist, while hiding nothing, had accepted and forgiven all. And, behold, it was a portrait of the artist's own daughter!

The aloofness of this or that artist, as for instance, Velasquez, is an element, the artists tell us, which goes to the making of a certain sort of greatness. But do not worry about that. Trust what leadings you have in you. And if sharing the gentle kindliness of some portraitist helps to make you the kinder, then the discipline of looking for the kindliness and having the rare joy of finding it, will do you no harm.

The picture gallery, especially if you add it to the subway, or add the subway to it, will have given you another extrovert discipline, to be put on the list with ping-pong, bridge, and going to church. As we began with Dr. Link, let us end with him. In *The Return to Religion,* he may say this or that about theology and theoretical ethics with which you do or do not agree, but they are not his special field. His psychology, for all that it is a "return" and not for the most part really new, will help anyone who wants to make his life better worth while. He proposes plans to you which involve what we have called self-development by self-discipline along unselfish lines. And he tells you not to be selfishly or sentimentally good in a corner. Do not just sit at home and read St. Paul or Emerson. Do not be content on every Sunday in the season just to listen to someone preaching to you on the radio. "Go to church." Belong in some body where there is fellowship in devotion to the best ideals and to living the best kind of life. Do not be ashamed to be one of a crowd, if the purpose of the crowd is human betterment and the transformation of men and women and the institutions of our world into a higher worthiness, a greater extroversion, a nobler adaptation to the highest ends.

Education in Soviet Russia

TWO ARTICLES BY PERCY M. DAWSON

(2)— A Supervised Recreation

The line between work and play is never easy to draw. One man spades his friend's garden for the exercise only, another man must be paid for so doing. The attitude of a man who spades his own garden cannot be predicted. Whether we regard the activities of the "circle" as work or play, they are certainly elective and voluntary.

The centers of activity of the children's circles are numerous. The school, the children's palace, the trade union house of culture, the apartment house, etc.—all are more or less concerned.

The circles at the Anglo-American School were small and few. They were for drama, puppets, Russian and English literature, both classic and modern, aeroplane models, and sport. I was told that the older children of the sport circle had hiked 10 kilometers on skis on the preceding Free Day. After the arrival of the piano some of the children formed a dancing circle and asked for a teacher.

In Kharkov the apartment house for the metal and other workers, a structure housing several thousand persons, has set aside a number of rooms for children's circles. There is a Pioneer room containing a picture of Postyshev, the Ukranian poet, whose pleading rescued from the crumbling church the "New Year's Tree" for the delight of Soviet children. The number of Pioneers using this room was said to be 150. There is a room for the ballet circle with practice rails on three sides. There are circles for tailoring, dressmaking, blacksmithing, dancing, and physical education.

But the chief centers for supervised recreation are the children's palaces of which the one in Kharkov is a notable example. There is a spectacular quality about this institution which attracts many tourists in season but my visit was in mid-winter.

The central part of the building is a survival from the time of the Czars. It was then a palace but after the Revolution it became the seat of the Ukrainian government, having first been greatly enlarged by the addition of two enormous wings. Then, when the government moved back to Kiev, the interior of the building was entirely remodeled and turned over to the October Children and Pioneers. Indeed, the former office of the president of the Ukrainian Soviet became transformed into a rest room for children. The building is now called the "Pioneer Palace." It provides a center for the recreation of 40,000 of Kharkov's children and is large enough to care for 4,000 children at a time.

I was alone with an excellent Intourist guide of the kind who knows a great deal but not "absolutely everything" and who was in no more of a hurry than I. We moved on leisurely and I asked through her many questions of those whom we met.

In our tour of inspection we first entered the theater which has a seating capacity of about 700 and from here we visited a long series of large rooms, many of which are combinations of workshop and museum. The first of these is a tractor-room full of models of tractors and the like. These models are of two sorts. Some are static, dissected tractors with all their parts shown and clearly labeled; but others are dynamic, they work, and they are so made that one can see exactly how they work by watching while one turns a crank very slowly.

In one part of the room bending over a table were an instructor and a group of eight boys and girls. This was a "tractor circle" and one of the boys showed us his little red "work book" giving his name, circle, and the days of the month upon which he is to report here. The instructor, a man, was showing some isolated parts of the tractor and how one could make new ones when the old ones required replacement. The equipment was simple, vises, a few bits of iron, metal saws, and files.

A little farther on is an auto-repair shop, one room with six or more small lathes with rather complex adjustments and an adjoining larger room with larger lathes and several other machines for the use of older children. All this is behind glass so that we can see it, but mere sightseers are asked not to enter.

The aeroplane room is of course very popular. Here were several teachers and groups of children making areoplane models and testing them. There are rooms with working models of telegraph, radio and telephone systems, with their shops for making models and doing repairs.

Among the extensive exhibits in the transportation laboratory is a model of a locomotive piston with its rods, valves, and levers. This has been opened up like a doll's house, so that one can look inside while he keeps the machine going with a crank. Here, too, is a model of an electric train and signal light. There is also a separate street car room with models of a street car system, traffic lights and charts of traffic regulations.

Naturally there are some children to whom the time allotted to certain subjects in the school curriculum seems much too short. And for these there are departments here for further work, e. g., in physics and chemistry. In the former we saw sitting by a long table a group of eight to ten boys discussing something with an instructor while around the walls stood cases of physical apparatus. In the chemical laboratory, water, coal, and solder were being studied. There were some fairly nice balances and a Haldane apparatus for measuring the oxygen and carbon dioxide of the air.

The photographic laboratory occupies a suite of several rooms.

In the room devoted to mechanical drawing are eight large adjustable drawing tables. Here we found a boy of about sixteen years making a pencil drawing of some parts of a machine which he is building in one of the shops. Neat work and well advanced. The painting room with its equipment of easels was deserted at the time of our visit. In the clay modelling room there are no models to be copied, for it is the practice here to make everything from memory or imagination. There was on exhibition an impressive array of sculptures made by the pupils.

There are several game rooms. One of these has four tables for chess or checkers; another has

two small billiard tables with small steel balls which are commonly used in Russia as an inexpensive substitute for the larger outfits with which we are familiar. Here, too, are toys which require skill for their manipulation. There are also games which involve varying degrees of chance, as bagatelle, or as when a spinning top goes between pins and through doors and knocks down ten-pins, and so forth. Nearby is a puzzle room with four tables seating four persons each. Here are numerous jigsaw puzzles, large objects to be put through seemingly impossible holes, linked rings to be separated, separate rings to be linked and here, too, is revived the famous "16-puzzle" which swept over America in the 80's. I was told that before equipping these game and puzzle rooms, a special government commission examined everything in this line that had been in use during the last three centuries, both at home and abroad.

There is a room which for want of a better word I call kaleidoscopic. It is circular with a domed ceiling. From the center of the dome descends a metal tube with what appears to be a sort of lantern at the lower end of it. The uniqueness of the room consists in its lighting. The mechanism of the latter I do not understand but I suppose that it is contrived by means of the rotation of concentric shells of colored screens which surround the light in the lantern already mentioned. At any rate the result is that the ceiling and walls are bathed in progressively changing spectral colors and combinations of the same in varying intensity and purity. There is here no garish display but one exquisite and dainty color pattern evolves into another and one sits gazing spell-bound at the play of soft and tranquilizing light. It is in color what the waves of the seashore are in form, perpetually changing within circumscribed limits. One wonders if this display has not been suggested by the aurora. The object of this device is to stimulate the imagination of the child. It ought to; I wonder if it does.

When we entered this room the light was single and unvarying, and the children in the room were engaged in a sort of gymnastic dance but the latter was soon finished and then the color display began and continued until the next class was ready. Meanwhile we seated ourselves on a circular bench which runs around the circular wall. On this bench sat also the incoming children. Its members had come from shop-work or some other of the numerous activities of the place, and now they partly disrobed for their exercises. We entered into conversation with the teacher. Her subject is art gymnastics which she teaches not only here but also at the Institute for Physical Education. She has also a circle in classic ballet which meets here three times a week in one of the other rooms. This she urged me to visit on the morrow, which I did. Then I sat through a series of exercises. The latter comprised marching, nodding, bending, waving, jumping, breathing, ball tossing, swinging, dancing, prancing, and what not. Vigorous but not fatiguing. All very charming and done to piano music.

In the room for mass dancing we found only a piano and an accordion and what appeared to be a few Comsomols engaged in conference.

Although most of the palace is for the use of the Pioneers, a series of rooms has been reserved for the October Children. In one of these the chairs have a peculiar shape and cuboid structure which facilitate their use for building subways, houses, and the like. In the story-telling room the ceiling curves down to meet the wall and on this curved surface are pasted scissor-cut pictures of story-book scenes. Below this around the wall is a border of scissor-cut animals. A story-teller surrounded by children may sit in the twilight of this room and, since any part of the curved surface and border may be separately illuminated, appropriate pictures are displayed as the story proceeds.

Among the most interesting activities are those which cluster about the puppet theater, the work shops where the puppets are made, the stage scenery, the costumes, and as a sort of extension of this is a doll hospital with sewing machines, wire, tin pliers, and other tools.

We passed a suite devoted to the dramatic circle and saw in one room an instructor talking to a circle of children. In the music hall where the children give their concerts, a child was practising on one of the two "baby grands."

In the very middle of the old palace is a beautiful and restful spot, the winter garden. In the center is a rectangular basin surrounded by a low wall, the daylight falling through the glass roof in the center. Peripheral to the pool are pillars and peripheral to these a ceiled walk lighted by electric bulbs covered by milk glass flush with the ceiling. Here stand palms in tubs and along the wall are long flower boxes with climbing vines, above which are frescoes of splendid alpine scenery.

Next to the winter garden is a gymnasium, a beautiful room across which a volley ball net had been stretched. There were a couple of boys in sport suits apparently waiting for others to arrive, for it was still early in the afternoon.

But my attention was quickly drawn away to the adjoining department of first aid and medical control. All of the 1,400 children who take physical education are examined here by a doctor from the Research Institute for Physical Education. If a child is found to be abnormal, he is referred to his school doctor and, if the latter believes that the abnormality does not forbid exercise or that the child may even be benefited by appropriate exercise, he sends him to the clinic. There the child is given another examination and then is sent back to the Pioneer Palace with recommendations to the doctors there or he is put in a special class either at the clinic or at the Research Institute for Physical Education. Quite naturally anthropometry is included in the work of the department. As for the first aid work, this has usually no relation to the sport circles. The cases which present themselves are mostly minor injuries from the shops.

The library has its own special entrance from the street and, so that we should not have to make a long detour, we were let in through a back door by a smiling "rabotnitsa" in a red head-kerchief.

We found ourselves in a room hung all around with drawings and paintings by well-known artists showing scenes and persons from children's stories. Beyond we came to the library desk. Of borrowers' cards, 1,903 belonged to older children; 500 to the younger ones. The reading rooms are across the hall, one for large children and one for small. In the former were six 4-place tables. Evidently the

regulations in these rooms are not strict for there are still two other rooms for "quiet readers" and in each of these rooms is a desk where a consultant keeps hours. One of these polymaths may be consulted on the subjects of geography, history, and biology; the other on mathematics, physics, and technology.

There is a small biological museum. Here was a cage of birds resembling Java sparrows. Also a deep glass case with open top and sanded bottom, where live several tortoises the size of my hand, a baby tortoise said to have been hatched here, and two snakes. In the case of butterflies are specimens of Atalanta and Antipoa exactly like those found in America. On the wall hangs the picture of a farmer scratching his head in despair over the insects attacking his crops, while across the road on the coöperative farm one sees a triumphant advance of a long line of men carrying spraying machines.

While in the museum we were entertained by a lively little girl who ran about and seizing things brought them to us one by one to be admired, the snakes, the baby tortoise, and then a sort of mud puppy. This room looked much less orderly and less cared for than the rest. But perhaps this is not wholly true. Perhaps it is just a sort of intense care given it by this enthusiastic little girl that made it so disorderly.

Next to the biological museum is the taxidermistry room. Here is a large gray stuffed flamingo. These birds are found by the Caspian Sea but are very rare in this part of the country. This specimen is one of three blown here by a great storm. The presiding genius of this room is an elderly man with a beaming face. The children clustered about him as he talked to us. From time to time he takes the children to the woods and fields and they bring back with them all sorts of treasures. The children skin and mount birds and small animals and also try to prepare appropriate environments to set them in. Among the children was a little girl who looked so sorrowful that we inquired the cause. It was one of the tragedies of childhood. She had brought a pigeon and had been told that she would not be able to skin and mount it properly in the time at her disposal that day. It was very disappointing; it is so hard to wait.

Other places which are architecturally inferior to the palace are also centers of similar activity. I visited the House of Culture of the Communication Workers (telegraph, telephone, and radio) in company with the director of Children's Work and the same guide as before. At the time of my visit the usual activities had been suspended because of a ten-day holiday period. A program had been devised to cover this period and 600 children under fourteen were availing themselves of it. The program which we saw posted on the wall comprised ballet, skating, skiing, mass sports, movies, theatricals, sightseeing drives, concerts and plays by the children themselves, visits to the children's theater and to the puppet theater of the Pioneer Palace.

After visiting the rooms devoted to adult activities, we spent two or three hours with the children. We were first introduced to the dramatic circle which at once adopted us. Some of the youngsters could speak a little German. We went with the children to the movie Chapeyev, we sat through the performance of some one-half dozen short plays by the dramatic circle, we had our pictures taken with this circle, and then they took us through the rooms devoted to the photo circle, the band, etc.

To care for this horde of children there are always present two older Pioneers, a few teachers, a few parents and a doctor. The adults kept well in the background. The children were very noisy and unrestrained. As usual I saw no quarreling.

It is plain that in the education of the Russian children the circles are as important as the classes and that the one in a sense supplements the other.

The Religion of John Burroughs*

GEORGE L. THOMPSON

A hundred years ago a great high priest of Nature was born. The world knows him as John Burroughs, naturalist and essayist. A few know him as a philosopher and a thinker of the first magnitude. In the latter part of his life he attracted the attention of many because he essayed the part of a religious prophet.

In his book, *Accepting the Universe,* we find the gist of his religious philosophy. There is a striking passage in the early part of the book which may be used as the door to the study of the religion of John Burroughs. He says:

> "We cannot lift ourselves over the fence by our own waistbands; no more can we by searching find God, because He is not an object that has place and form and limitations. He is the fact of the fact, the life of the life, the soul of the soul, the incomprehensible, the sum of all contradictions, the unit of all diversity; he who knows Him, knows Him not; he who is without Him, is full of Him; turn your back upon him, then you turn your back upon gravity, upon air, upon light. He cannot be seen, but by Him all seeing comes. He cannot be heard, yet by Him all hearing comes. He is not a being, yet apart from Him there is no being—there is no apart from Him. We contradict ourselves when we deny Him; it is ourselves we deny, and equally do we contradict ourselves when we accept Him; it is something apart from ourselves which we accept."

It is to be acknowledged that this passage is cryptical and mystical, but it serves well to introduce us to the philosophy and religion of Burroughs.

The trouble with most mysticism is that it offers, and is used as, an escape from the logic of hard facts. This is not true in the case of John Burroughs. He attacks the problems of the universe and wrestles manfully with them.

I regret that I did not get acquainted with Burroughs earlier than I did. For many years I knew him as a naturalist, but it was not until shortly before his death that I discovered that here was a man of my own mind.

In a little notebook, which I still have, I had written under date of April 1, 1921, the following memorandum: "Write John Burroughs, Riverby, N. Y., and congratulate him on eighty-fourth birth anniversary."

The letter was never sent, for on March 30 I

*The 100th anniversary of John Burroughs' birth is being celebrated this year (1937)—Editors.

opened my morning paper and read, "John Burroughs Dies on a Train." He had spent the winter in California and was speeding home to spend his birthday at "Slabsides," his New York home.

In studying the religion of Burroughs it is interesting to note the influences that helped shape his religious thought. Most of us get our religion ready-made. We are Universalists, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Catholics, or Jews because our parents were. I do not know whether his parents were religious or not, or whether they were ever connected with any church, but I understand that his ancestors were Connecticut Yankees of Puritan stock.

He tells us that his early life was full of fear. He was afraid of being left alone, afraid of the dark, afraid of the woods, afraid of the graveyard, and afraid of a score of other things. Despite all that has been said to the contrary, fear may have a more important place in religion than most of us are inclined to admit. There was a time when the fears of Hell hung like a black pall over the lives of men, but we trust that day has gone. It may be that fear has its place in leading people to think.

When Burroughs was about eighteen years old he first became acquainted with the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Books were not so plentiful in those days as they are now. Burroughs read and re-read Emerson's Essays. He absorbed Emerson's literary style to such an extent that when he sent his first article to the Atlantic Monthly for publication, James Russell Lowell, the editor, smiled, and, as he afterward confessed, said, "I will confound this rascal who has been plagiarizing Emerson." Lowell looked over the Essays in vain to find just where the new writer had made his steal. He never found the place. He simply found that here was a man so steeped in Emerson's literary style that he could not conceal it. In like manner he absorbed to a remarkable extent the religious spirit of Emerson. Read Burroughs' essay, "Birds and Poets," and you will see how great was this influence.

A little later another influence came into his life, the writings of John James Audubon. Audubon was a great naturalist, and, uniting his genius as an artist with a practical knowledge of birds, he opened the gates of Nature to this young man who was to become famous for his love of bird life.

Being of a thoughtful temperament, it is not strange that in the course of time Burroughs saw the religious implications of the natural world. Like Jesus he could draw lessons from the fowls of the air. One time he said, "What joy the birds have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and deadly. Studied the birds? *No,* I have played with them, camped with them, summered, and wintered with them.

"My knowledge of them has come to me through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves and the glint of the waters."

Thus he loved the birds, but he saw in them a part of a great whole called Nature, of which he said, "Her flowers, her birds, her sunsets, her rainbows, her waterfalls, her mountain lakes, her ocean shores, her midnight skies, at times move us and lift us above ourselves."

As the years went on, the period of reflection came and with his rich background of reading, his intimate knowledge of the world in which he lived, and his mature mental powers, he became the interpreter of Nature in terms of religion.

He looked at the heavens sprinkled with the midnight stars and became acquainted with the inconceivable extension of the Universe. He peered through the lenses of his microscope and studied the infinitely little. He became familiar with the multiple forms of animal and vegetable life. He experimented to some extent with the wonders of chemistry. He considered the teachings of evolution. Ever lingering in his memory were the religious doctrines heard in his childhood. Reading his books he pondered over the speculations of the philosophers. These mental experiences were stimulating to his own thought. He began to ask himself, How were these things connected? If science, religion, and philosophy can be coördinated, what values have they for living men?

In his search for an answer he began with the Universe. Is the Universe obedient to law? Is this a world of chance, or a world under law? As soon as he starts to discuss these questions he makes plain the fact that we have to take into account our human limitations in understanding. At times he appears to hold views that are contradictory. He recognizes the existence of natural laws. Yet he does not eliminate chance. If I interpret his views rightly, I think that he would say there are laws which govern generalities while particulars are subject to chance. I anticipate that this conclusion may be subject to criticism, but I am of the opinion that his philosophy viewed as a whole may be interpreted as teaching that, although determinism plays an important part, there is room for accidents or exceptions.

He apparently identifies the Cosmos with what people call God, for he says, "God is Nature and Nature is God." He makes no bones about being a Pantheist, or Cosmotheist. "Is Burroughs a Humanist?" some ask. Let him answer:

> "If man with all his powers and attributes is a part of nature,—and the naturalist can regard him in no other light,—if the sun is his father and the earth his mother as literally as they are the parents of all other forms of life, then all that he is or can be is latent or potential in nature; then is his humility, his reverence, his love as much a part of nature as are the instincts and the cunning of animals a part of nature; then is his literature, his philosophy, his art, his religion a part of nature; then he is amenable to biological laws and as truly a subject for the natural historian as are the animals."

If we accept this view of religion, how will it affect our relations to God? There are those who contend that to place humanity in such intimate relations with the divine will exalt man to such a position that he will cease to have reverence and respect for the Power which embraces him; that instead of bringing people closer to the God in whom they live and move and have their being, they will lose God altogether. Burroughs' answer to this objection is this:

> "We need not fear alienation from God. I feed Him when I feed a beggar. I serve Him when I serve a neighbor. I love Him when I love a friend. I praise Him when I praise the wise and good of any race or time. I shun Him when I shun the leper. I forgive Him when I forgive my enemies. I wound Him when I wound a human being. I forget him when I forget my duties to others. If I am cruel or unjust or resentful or envious or inhospitable toward any man, woman, or child, I am guilty of all these things toward God."

Thus he searched the heavens, thus he weighed human values, thus he sought the truth, and in ripe old age he entered the silence, serene, composed, confident.

Among his contemporaries there was one man to whom he looked with awe and reverence. That man was Walt Whitman, whom he dubbed "the Cosmic Poet." He read Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* and said, "It is not poetry as the world uses the term. It is an inspired utterance. . . .

"Lovers of Whitman no more go to him for poetry than they go to the ocean for the pretty shells and pebbles on the beach. They go to him for contact with his spirit; to be braced and refreshed by his attitude toward life and the universe."

To Whitman he went, just as he went to Emerson, to Audubon, to Shakespeare, and to Darwin, in order that he might drink of their wisdom and return it to men in general.

I deem it possible for us to go to Burroughs in a like spirit and let him show us the way to a larger conception of God, the Universe, and human possibilities. We may read his *Accepting the Universe, Under the Apple Trees, The Light of Day,* and *The Last Harvest,* and in so doing enlarge our own vision and deepen our religious life.

We will find passages that may surprise and possibly shock us if we are unfamiliar with his line of thought, at the same time subconsciously we find ourselves thinking, How stimulating they are. Note these passages:

> "The world was not made; it is, and always has been. God is Nature, and Nature is God. If this is pantheism, then we are in good company.
>
> "The demand of our day is for a scientific religion—an attitude of mind toward creation begotten by knowledge, in which fear, personal hopes, individual good, and the so-called 'other world', play little part.
>
> "Virtuous actions, upright conduct, heroic character, the practice of the Golden Rule, are seen to be their own reward, and the security of the future is in well-being in the present.

Of one thing we may be sure. John Burroughs would never ask any man or woman to accept his views, or follow his philosophy, if by so doing they did violence to their own intellectual integrity.

Trumpets on New Horizons

I Believe in Man

I believe in dawn, the shafts of light
Which pierce the purple duskiness of night.
I greet the radiant ecstasy of day
Whose molten fingers softly over-lay
The halls and transcient passages of dark.
I can not but believe the sudden lark
Who sends, on rainbow shard into the skies,
His challenge to a dawn of glad surmise.

But most, I think that I believe in Man
Whose ever glowing, gorgeous caravan
Has risen from the corridors of time
Through mummery and feeble pantomime
To bolder action on a broader stage;
Whose courage has increased till men engage
The darkest problems, plumb the moral night;
Yes, I believe in Man as in the light.

FRANCES SMITH JOHNSON.

Dangerous Dawn

The world awakes at dangerous dawn,
In time of promise and of dread;
The shadows of the night have gone,
And eastern skies are tinged with red.

The hosts of men with longing wait
The coming day's increasing light,
But clouds of ignorance and hate
Prolong the dreariness of night.

While threat of war and clash of arms,
With flags in tempest wrath unfurled,
Disturb our times with loud alarms,—
O God of nations, save the world!

The light of science and of art
Reveals a realm of larger truth,
And promptings of a gentler heart
Condemn the rule of claw and tooth.

Now therefore may Thy servants, Lord,
Our strength and diligence increase,
Till fearlessly with one accord
We win a chastened world for peace.

CHARLES GUSTAV GIRELIUS.

Warped by the War*

(The kidnapping of America's best-known baby was the work of a man who, while not insane, was nevertheless warped by the war.)

At seventeen the bugle call and fife,
War's siren music, lured that German lad
Into the Snipers' "Pill Box" where he had
To heed War's edict: "Mow down human life!"
And his machine gun mowed men as the knife
Cuts down the blade that makes the bright field glad—
Day after day!—His comrades went STARK MAD!
Murder their hourly task, war's brutal strife.

What grim chance spared his *body* who can tell!
Relentless war exacts unfailing toll.
Though she released him from that Snipers' Hell
Her clutching fingerprints had warped his soul.
He who had mowed men down, nor blinked an eye,
How could he heed a startled baby's cry

FLORENCE E. MARSHALL.

[The statistics given in the United States Department of Commerce figures from the Bureau of Census ("Prisoners for 1923") show that for the years from 1910 to 1923 there was the following increase in crime percentages:

Forgery	68.2
Homicide	16.1
Rape	33.3
Violating Drug Laws	2,006.7
Robbery	83.3]

*From Miss Marshall's forthcoming peace book *Silence Is Yellow.* Used by permission.—*Editors.*

The Study Table

Which Shall It Be?

FORCE OR REASON. *By Hans Kohn. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.50.*

The value of this little book is in inverse proportion to its size. An historical and philosophical study of the post-war world, and of the present stupendous crisis—totalitarian in character, since it embraces "the whole man and the whole life of society," and "is not confined to a few countries or to a continent"—this volume gives a clearer picture and a more profound interpretation of our age than many another much more elaborate and pretentious work. Three chapters, originally three lectures at the Harvard Summer School in 1936, with fifty pages of notes and an index, make up the contents of a book of first-class importance.

In the opening chapter, "The Cult of Force," the author describes the process by which, in the nineteenth century, man little by little was led to abandon the life of reason for the way of force and violence. The surprising variety of influences entering into this result as by a kind of conspiracy are here clearly and cogently surveyed. In essence it was at once a "dechristianization of western humanity" and a "dehumanization of western mankind." It all culminated in war, prepared for during decades of time and overwhelming the world in the supreme catastrophe of 1914. What Dr. Kohn has to say about this movement, especially as expressed in its later stages by Barth, Heidegger, and Spengler, is of amazing interest. Here we have in thought and action today "the new barbarian," exactly like the old, plus the difference that "he comes equipped with the latest devices and instruments" of destruction. That he "threatens to undermine the foundations of civilization" is obvious.

The second chapter, "The Dethronement of Reason," is like the first in its historical survey of forces making for fundamental change in society. What the author has traced outwardly, so to speak, in his opening statement, he now traces inwardly. He begins the story of man's modern rational life with Descartes, and follows it through to the upheaval of romanticism, emotionalism, in the last century, which, like the brutal cult of force, found its center and soul in Germany. But rationalism remained still triumphant in Hegel, in the great Victorian thinkers in England, and in Karl Marx in the economic and social field. Then came the challenge of Schopenhauer, with his emphasis on will as over against reason, and of his lineal spiritual descendants, Wagner and Nietzsche. This led to a release of forces which have "derationalized" life, exactly as life has at the same time been "dechristianized" and "dehumanized." The wild fury of our time is the result. Civilization is essentially an achievement of reason, marked in the last one hundred and fifty years by three trends of progress—"towards the equality of man, towards a more general participation of everybody in the fullness and opportunities of life, and towards a refinement and humanization of *mores*." Now has come reversion. Men are fatigued, exhausted, afraid, and are returning to the old passions and mysticisms which were before reason was. Combining with the cult of force, this dethronement of reason represents an explosive element which threatens to destroy us all.

The concluding chapter in this illuminating volume is a study of imperialism, which is also and very particularly in a state of crisis. Here Dr. Kohn is uniquely at home, for imperialism in the Near and Far East has been the special study of his life. His discussion of this momentous problem is too abundant and suggestive, even in the small compass of thirty pages, to be summarized here. He is not satisfied to discuss imperialism in its familiar economic and political phases. He presents in addition the psychological aspects of the phenomenon, and the swift technical and social changes which are remaking our world. In the crisis of imperialism, curiously enough, he finds the word of hope for our distracted time. This crisis, he says, through sheer irresistible pressure, "may force us in some perhaps not-too-distant future to take stock of the reality around us and to recognize the new world-wide situation." International coöperation and an international order may come on the outskirts of the world, and then flow back, so to speak, into our realm of western life. "There are always new ways and developments opening up in history," writes Dr. Kohn, in his concluding word, "and the necessity of avoiding otherwise inescapable catastrophes, and sometimes the guidance of wise statesmanship, force peoples to tread new roads, previously undiscovered or believed impassable."

It may seem as though Dr. Kohn's data gives little basis for hope. But we need brave spirits in this age. It is therefore good to see a great scholar who faces the worst, and yet dares to believe that the future may be bright.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

For Today . . . and Tomorrow

THANK YOU, AMERICA! *By Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. With forewords by Angela Morgan and Wm. Ellery Leonard. Los Angeles: Suttonhouse, Ltd. $2.00.*

This is great poetry! At this moment when men are thinking of going to war, Lucia Trent's and Ralph Cheyney's cry for peace, denunciation of current wrongs, their seeing "the luminous hills of tomorrow" and clothing the vision America needs in deathless poetry, make *Thank You, America!* one of the most significant books of our time.

These freedom-loving poets embrace the living heart and sweep it into the sun;

> ". . . the spark survives
> To burn forever in freer lives."

Despite the sorrow and protest through these pages move faith and courage and hope—with beauty always. These poets with their clearness of vision, depth of emotion, keen ears attuned to our complex world, fullness of spirit and prophecy, justify *The Christian Century* in calling them "the recognized leaders of the new social vision movement in American poetry." Certainly the joint title poem stands worthily beside Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," Ralph Cheyney's "Wonder of Wings"; equals Millay's "Renascence," and Lucia Trent in "Salt Tides," "Ancient Battle," "Ladders Against the Moon," and many another poem; weds to the poignance of Reese's "Tears"

the graphic accuracy of Coffin's "Golden Falcon." Yet these two poets, always too devoted to crusading for poetry and helping their fellow poets to scramble for personal laurels, are completely themselves—and enjoyably.

One finds that profound, vital religion which goes deeper than race or creed. The heart is stirred by their plea for peace and social advance. The sympathetic insight of Lucia Trent, the spontaneous and passionate utterance of Ralph Cheyney glorify the best in American idealism. . . .

"May this flag that hymns from north to southern pole
Befriend each high sierra throughout the soul!"

Angela Morgan and Prof. William Ellery Leonard each provides a foreword to this "book to take home for today—and tomorrow," to quote the latter. "It is impossible to sum up in a foreword my admiration for these two poets whose work has been eulogized by so many of our leading critics," Angela Morgan admits but her foreword is a beautiful and masterly analysis of what constitutes greatness in poetry: "that integrated consciousness which perceives life in its completeness." Fortunate indeed is Suttonhouse to have published such a book as *Thank You, America!*, especially with forewords by such distinguished poets!

Hearing these two poets read their own poems is one of those unforgettable experiences that comes not too frequently in any lifetime. The warmth, the music, the magic of Lucia Trent's voice ring in your ears long after the reading is over. The peculiar beauty of Ralph Cheyney's chanting gives a new comprehension of poetry. But whoever the reader is, these poems for the most part are ideally suited to public rendition and should be heard often from pulpit and platform.

Like their fellow prophets of old, these poets know that man can emerge out of the Dark Gate and seek the light—

"Pitiful, plaintive, magnificent striving
Born in the beggar and waking in kings!
Witness the plane where the world is arriving
Now that the world has discovered its wings."

FANIA KRUGER.

Man's Tireless Quest

MAN'S SEARCH FOR THE GOOD LIFE. *By A. Eustace Haydon. New York: Harper and Brothers.* $2.50.

A new book by the distinguished Professor of the History of Religion at the University of Chicago is good news. The earlier *Quest of the Ages* has been enthusiastically received as marking a new path. The present book follows in this new road. Man's search for the good life, Professor Haydon believes, has through all the course of human history been the tireless quest of man. How then has he gone about this quest?

The first part of this book, which attempts to answer the question, shows how men have tried to tell the story of religions, comparative religion, and the history of religion. This reviewer wishes Professor Haydon would devote a volume to this fascinating subject. Right here, America has made a contribution: Emerson may be considered the father of the science of comparative religion.

Professor Haydon holds that religion is the noblest way in which man's eternal drive of human desires expresses itself. Today with our scientific development we can correctly appraise the part religions have played in the cultural history of mankind.

In the next place Professor Haydon develops the idea that the Utopias men have dreamed of in a future world should become the concern of mankind here and now. This can, at least to a certain extent, be done today. Mankind has developed a social technique which the prophets of former ages did not have. But will mankind do this in time to save present-day institutions? Professor Haydon can point the way: a shared life, in which mutual helpfulness shall prevail. But can science supply the motive? At any rate, here is a serious attempt to grapple with our human problem. Let all thoughtful persons get this book, read it, and ponder it well.

C. A. HAWLEY.

A Story for Children

THE GNOMOBILE: A GNICE GNEW GNARRATIVE, WITH GNONSENSE, BUT GNOTHING GNAUGHTY. *By Upton Sinclair. Published by the author, Station A., Pasadena, California.* $1.50.

Upton Sinclair's first story for children is dedicated to his little granddaughter. It is a charming tale, combining much amusement with valuable information. Its chief moral is the importance of preserving the giant redwoods of California.

In a redwood grove, twelve-year-old Elizabeth and her uncle Rodney, eccentric son of a lumber king, make the acquaintance of two gnomes, Bobo and Glogo, the last of their race in that region. Glogo, the grandfather, is much depressed by the cutting down of so many trees, and the impossibility of finding a wife for Bobo—who is gay and careless, and does not worry. Elizabeth and Rodney take them in their car on a tour through all the redwood groves, along the coast and up in the mountains, looking for more gnomes.

They call their car a gnomobile, since it carries gnomes. They pass the nights at hotels, carrying in their small protegés hidden in wicker baskets. Warned that guests are not allowed to have dogs in their rooms, Rodney says that the baskets do not contain dogs. Asked what they do contain, he answers "Royal Abyssinian geese," but refuses to let any one see them. This interests newspaper reporters. Being refused information, they write up the story with fantastic additions, and arouse quite a furor of public curiosity. The gnomobile is followed, watched and besieged. After many comical adventures, Rodney buys a pair of real geese, paints them ornamental colors, lets them be viewed and photographed, and then presents them to the Green Cross, a society for forest preservation and the prevention of soil erosion. He and Elizabeth continue to tour the country, looking for gnomes, without success. Glogo grows sadder and sadder, and dies of a broken heart. Soon after, Bobo discovers a nation of gnomes living in caverns, where coal and iron ore abound. They make steel, and have adopted most of the ways of the outside world. Here Bobo soon gets a wife; and Elizabeth and Rodney return home. This is the barest outline of a laughable and delightful story, which also contains much food for thought.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 198)

will be an example of what may happen to your children, women, and old people if the way of war holds sway in the world.

"I, who know you; I, who know all that I may expect from you; I, who kneel to you—I am waiting for the effective help for which the people of Asturias and the Basque country entreat you through my voice.

"What do we ask of you **We have nothing.** Everything is of use. Clothes, shoes, everything worn out **we** can make use of. **Above all we need food.** Summer is here, and the lack of clothes is not so urgent. We need **rice, potatoes, lentils, flour.**

"Dear friends! we appeal to you, knowing you will not turn aside."

Will you help to make our response commensurate with the appalling need?

Please send your gifts of money to: A. Ruth Fry, treasurer, The War Resisters' International, Spanish Relief Fund, 11, Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

Correspondence

Three Things That Sicken

Editor of UNITY:

Three things have recently occurred that have caused a brief sinking of my heart—an experience unusual with me.

1. That horrid prize-fight. Attended by nearly a hundred thousand people—by Governors, members of the Cabinet, and so on! Realizing that probably over ten millions listened in on the brutality and enjoyed it—and gambled over it—I was sick at heart. I realized that the people like a fight! And as for War—there are causes other than economic and religious. I cannot get away from the conclusion. The people who will support a brute-fight—like this one—will go to War!

The people have sunk lower since and because of the Big War—this fight is clear evidence to me.

2. I have been meeting in the last few months more and more people who talk about what they call the Coming of the Great End. It is all nonsense to me, this talk, but I meet these people more than before—people who hand me tracts of prophecies to "convert" me, who have become fatalists, are fundamentalists. They believe that the universe is going to crash! It is nonsense, nevertheless such people are good fodder for War. They are certain to oppose ideas of a coming social order made by man, because they simply are not in favor of a good social order, since it will not be in harmony with their expectations. Their "prophets" do not foretell that kind of a future. They "expect" war!

3. It has saddened me to note how the Soviet Polar Expedition is being received here in the West. There was a 24-hour enthusiasm, but after that it would seem as if the people had been ordered to pull down the curtain. The papers either have made no mention of it, or a slight one, or reference is made to British rights at the South Pole! To me it is unexplainable. This Soviet event has so much of benefit to the West, to the Pacific Coast in particular. A strange foolishness and short-sightedness have come down upon the people. The people of Seattle, e. g., act as dumb as the "natives" did over the arrival of Columbus. I am sorry. It makes me sad—and I will speedily get over it. But, it seemed to me that God in that remarkable act in aviation had given the two great republics of the world—the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R.—a chance to come together; that it was the start of a new era for the Pacific and the West.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Seattle, Washington.

From Our Australian Correspondent

Editor of UNITY:

I am indebted to UNITY which comes to me regularly, and from which you may have seen, if you read my "rag," that I quote from time to time. . . .

The world is moving. I have lived long enough to see the dawn at last of a new world, I hope, though it is not exactly a burst of sunshine. But the grayest dawn sometimes precedes bright days.

CHARLES STRONG.

Melbourne, Australia.

"Of immense significance at this crisis"
declares ANGELA MORGAN about

"THANK YOU, AMERICA!"

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to which she and WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD have written forewords on the social scene.

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